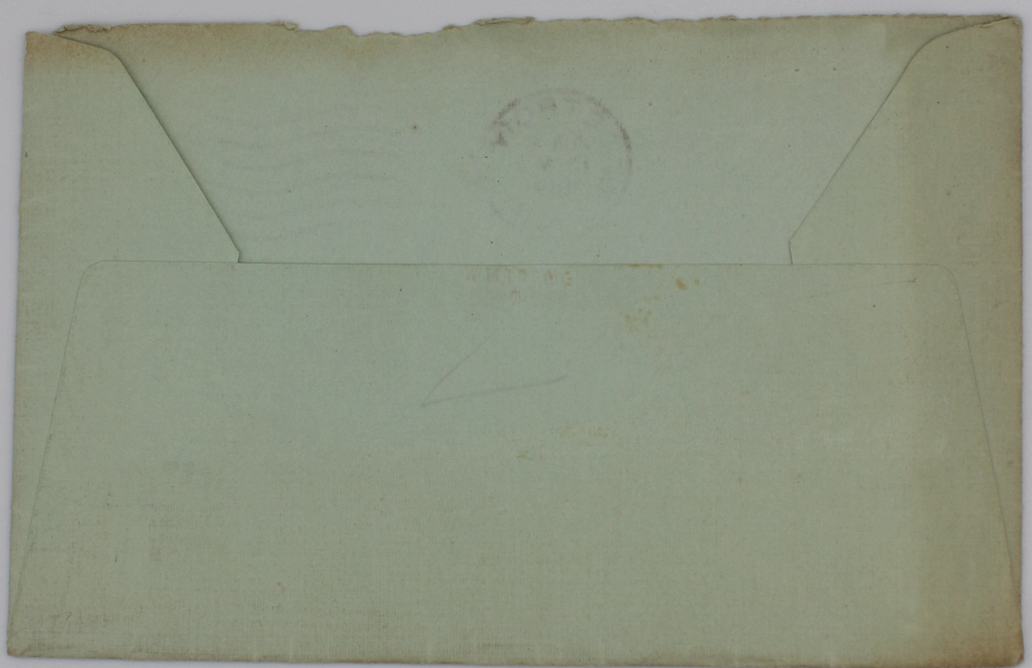
From F.V.Sampson,
287 Woodward Ave.,
Detroit,Michigan.
DETROIT
JUN 9
12 M
1919
MICH.
U.S. POSTAGE
3 CENTS
Miss Alice Grandy,
Arcadia,
California.
Box 86.



COMMERCIAL ART SCHOOL

CHICAGO DETROIT CLEVELAND

Written from
DETROIT SCHOOL
287 WOODWARD AVENUE
Telephone Cherry 3130

June 8,1919.

Miss Alice Grandy,
Arcadia,California.

Dear Alice: Sunday, supper,a long walk,and tired make me feel good and ready to sit down and have a good long visit with my little California girls. In my letter to Helen I told about moving to Detroit. Except for going away from every one I ever knew before I like it very well. The addition of a certainty of $25.00 a month to my salary is worth while and it is quite possible that I may be sent out into California later to open another of these schools out there. Who knows? Anyway a body gets what he wants in this world if he wants it badly e nough and waits for it long e nough. I don't want to think that you are going to cle ar grow up while I am away.

My typewriter has a very bad habit of jumping from e to the next letter and I will have to try to find why it does it. Since e is the most used of all the letters the trouble is most likely one of wear.

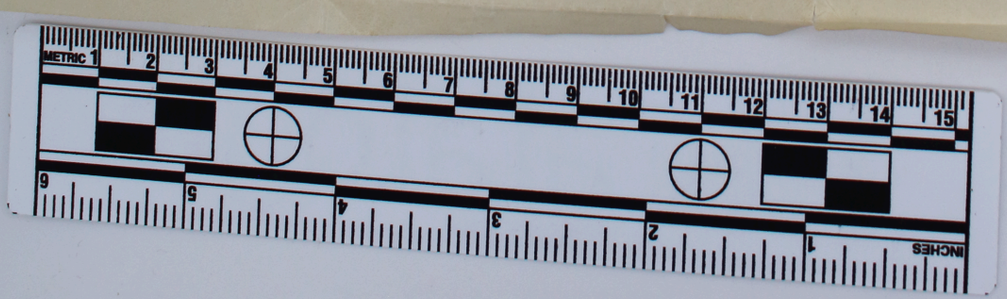
This afternoon I went to the Detroit Museum of Art and looked it over. They have a great many interesting things but there are not nearly as many and the building is a great deal smaller than the Art Institute in Chicago. The exhibition of ancient Egyptian things including mummies was especially good as were the war impliments of many savage or pre-historic races. What I enjoyed most was a passing exhibit of war paintings and drawings. They were so good it was almost as real as though one had been there and seen these things for ones self.

The street car strike livens things up abit. Almost every other car has on it a sign of so much fare to this place or that. Tomarrow though we will see the fun for enormous crouds must get to work and there will be no cars (street) to carry them. As it is now there are about as many cars (gasoline) as can get on the streets and it is a real problem to get across the street. It will be terible tomarrow.

Thanks for the postal and I am glad it was no more serious than a dog. I dont see why people will do such things. It seems to hurt them to see something have a nice home and someone to love. Perhaps they were jealous of the dog.

Now "Brown Eyes", did you pass? I'm betting that you did. Tell me about it in your next letter.

There is a snap shot in this letter for you.

With love,

Uncle Fred.